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“...with both hand and heart.”

✚ A DOZEN YOUNG STUDENTS have callouses on their hands and a soft spot in their hearts because of an experience in the Southern Mountain this summer. And Calvary Church in Big Lick, Tennessee, has a new Sunday School building because of that same experience.

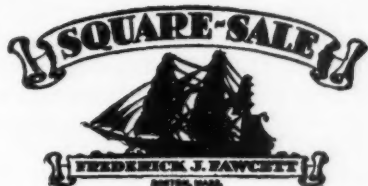
The students spent the entire month of August in a workcamp at Big Lick building an addition to the church there. They are members of the Inter-Church Student Fellowship made up of students at Western Michigan College of Education, and Kalamazoo College, both in Kalamazoo, Michigan. The group was composed of students from three different denominations, and was interracial.

The Rev. William Rogers, director of the Student Fellowship, also served as director of the camp. All expenses of the group were paid by the workcamp, and members worked without compensation.

Since Big Lick is near many sandstone quarries, the workcampers were able to salvage stone without cost from several rubble piles. Lumber from logs cut on church land and sawed by the local cooperative mill was used in the structure.

The Rev. Eugene Smathers, minister of the church, acted as general building foreman, and members of the church worked beside the young people in the building. #####

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ADULT FESTIVALS GROW

THE ADULT SECTION of the Mountain Folk Festival has grown to the point that two regional units will be held this fall. The Adult Section is for those of college age or older. Many of those who attend grew up through the Mountain Folk Festival since its beginning in 1935. As adults they desire to continue their activity in folk recreation.

One of the adult groups will meet at the Levi Jackson Wilderness Road State Park, near London, Kentucky, October 22-24, 1954. All those who are of college age and over, and who are interested in the preservation of folk material, and in the fun of non-competitive recreation, are invited. Songs and dances used will include both old favorites and entirely new material.

The State Park has many features of historic interest. The setting is entirely informal.

Costs will be kept to an absolute minimum, with a \$1.00 registration fee being the only cost except for food and lodging.

Bicky McLain is chairman of the festival, with Charity Comingore serving as secretary and Frank H. Smith as a member of the committee.

Complete and detailed information about this festival is available and may be secured by writing Charity Comingore, Box 2012, College Station, Berea, Kentucky. This publication includes a list of materials that can be ordered before the festival.

BRASSTOWN MEETING OCTOBER 15-17

No organized festival will be held in the other area this fall, but an "open house" is announced at the John C. Campbell Folk School, Brasstown, North Carolina, October 15-17. All interested adults in that area are invited to attend this meeting, which will feature both group recreation and a discussion of plans for an adult festival in that section next year. For additional information or reservations write Georg Bidstrup at Brasstown.



IF YOU EVER have trouble getting your copy of our magazine, just remember Gus Merland of Norwood, Ohio. When an Addressograph plate got stuck, Gus wound up with five mail bags, containing 2,000 copies of the local newspaper, on his front porch!

ANNOUNCING

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by PAUL GREEN

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run.....clearly marked....through the pattern of
the American Dream."*

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Ruthie Carroll

is new

recreational

worker



MISS RUTHIE CARROLL has already begun her work as the new Itinerant Recreation Worker for the Council of Southern Mountain Workers, and is now available as a recreational leader in communities throughout the Southern Mountains.

A native of Asheville, North Carolina, Miss Carroll received a B. S. in Health, Physical Education, and Recreation from Boston University, Sargent College. After teaching physical education for three years at Ward-Belmont College in Nashville, she came to Berea for a like period in the Physical Education Department.

The new recreation worker has served as a counselor in summer camps for the past several years, and last summer was a participant in reconstruction workcamps in Holland and Norway. She is a member of the American Association of Health, Physical Education, and Recreation, and a member of the National Education Association. In June of this year she attended the Shortcourse at Brasstown.

Institutional members of the Council receive preference in securing Miss Carroll's services, but other groups may call upon her for recreational leadership as she has time in her schedule. Information about this service may be secured from the Council Office and all arrangements can be made at the same place. #####

WHEN a new school bus was purchased in Corning, Ark., the old one was headed for the junk heap. A member of the school board suggested that it might be useful as a playground fixture, so it was towed to a back corner of the yard and left there, minus its motor.

The kids swarmed into it just as soon as it was parked, and it has been the most popular piece of equipment on the yard since. And it didn't cost the playground fund a penny!

Let's Play With Clay

////

CORA CAMPBELL

////

Clay is one of our best recreational and educational tools according to the author of this article—and she should know, for as a teacher at Pine Mountain Settlement School she has had the opportunity of trying out all of the things she suggests in this article.

CLAY IS ONE OF THE MOST USEFUL TOOLS ever placed in the hands of recreation leaders, teachers, or parents. When a child is given clay it answers a definite need in his emotional life, it tends to develop a sense of proportion, it lays a foundation for the study of design, and it permits the expression of ideas in three dimensions. Children, when allowed to choose

their own art medium, select clay more frequently than any other material.



Making objects out of clay also provides an excellent opportunity for children to follow a process from raw material to finished product. In this "ready made" day there are all too few opportunities for using nature's resources directly, and this experience of working in clay may help the child to see the relation-

ship of human culture to the material world.

An added advantage of clay is the fact that it is plentiful in most of our mountain area and may be prepared for use with almost no cash outlay. Even firing need not be expensive.

If the clay work is being done with elementary children in school, it makes an excellent unit in which reading, making reports, carrying on class discussions, and actual modeling combine to

make an ideal learning situation. If the teacher has not studied ceramics he will need a good book on the subject to guide him. One of the best that I know of on the market now is The Complete Book of Pottery Making by John B. Kenny.

When the teacher has compiled enough "know-how" for his own background he may help the children in gathering and preparing the clay. It is not necessary to buy anything for this phase of the work. Old water buckets and lard cans are quite adequate for holding the slip and if there are no plaster bats the clay will dry just as well, if not so rapidly, in a wooden trough, a muslin bag, or an old dish pan. An old-fashioned milk strainer with a fine mesh is just the thing for straining the clay. These are found in any dime store and sell for about fifteen cents.



Detailed information about the preparation of clay appeared in the Spring, 1951, issue of this magazine, under the title, "Magic from the Earth."

When the clay is dry enough to make into balls it must be wrapped in damp cloths and stored in an airtight container. Grandmother's discarded churn with a tight lid added will serve very well for this, but an old lard can may also be used.

Tools for clay work may be made of maple or pine whittled out with a pocket knife. Meat skewers, tongue depressors, and wooden spoons, if waxed, make good tools. An old icebox makes a fine damp box for quantities of unfinished objects, while individual pieces may be stored in tightly covered coffee cans.

Some teachers feel that it is just as well not to fire children's pottery. And it is possible to finish them with tempera, enamel, or shellac. Such pieces are very fragile, however.

Since we have not yet spent any money for our materials, perhaps we can afford a kiln. The latest Sears Roebuck catalog has a professional kiln for \$125.00, and an unassembled one for as low as \$42.95. These are electric kilns and come with complete instructions. They are quite small but a surprising number of pieces can be fired at a time if they are stacked carefully.

If wood is abundant, as it is in our area, a wood burning kiln may be made of brick for less than \$20.00 if firebrick is used. Even cheaper ones built of old discarded brick have given good service and results. Most pottery books give detailed instructions for the construction of small kilns.

Lacking either an electric or a wood kiln, even cheaper methods are available. For example, you can use the drain pipe kiln. Take a

large drain tile, place the well dried pieces to be fired inside, block up the ends with brick or stone cemented with clay, and set a few inches above the ground on stones. Build a fire around, under and over, and keep it going briskly for four or five hours. Be sure to let it cool thoroughly before unpacking.



Another method is to use a five gallon oil drum. Remove the top and pour about three inches of coarse sand into the drum. Place a layer of pots or other clay objects on the sand and cover with more sand, alternating layers of pottery and sand all the way to the top. Place the cover (in which a few small holes have been punched to permit the escape of steam) on top of the last layer of sand. Then cover the drum entirely with logs and start the fire slowly at first so that any moisture in the pieces will have a chance to evaporate. Later keep the heat high and as even as possible for about eight hours. Then stop replenishing the logs so that the fire burns down slowly. Allow pots to cool for several hours before removing them from the drum.

The very simplest way of firing clay is the "coffee can method." Individual small pieces can be fired this way by packing them in sand in a coffee can and securing the top with a wire. Punch a hole or two in the top so that steam may escape. When the fire is burning well in the school stove or furnace place the can in the hot coals, heaping them around it. Keep a steady fire all day and by the time the children have finished their day's work the pottery should be done. However, the can should be left in until the next morning so that it will cool slowly as the fire dies out. This method is especially suitable for the one room school with its old-fashioned coal stove in which the fire is built anew each morning.

It is not possible to glaze pieces fired in the drain tile, oil drum, or coffee can. However, if at all possible, it is desirable that even young children be allowed to glaze their best pieces if firing facilities are anywhere available. Even if the results are imperfect it is of great value to the child to have the whole experience. You will find that a local pottery will often fire articles for a small fee. Inexpensive glaze recipes may be found in books on pottery. York Honore in Pottery Making From the Ground Up has a good chapter on this.

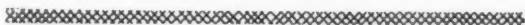
All the things I have said refer to clay work with children but they could just as well be used in adult groups. Children will not be able to go into the more difficult process of throwing pots on a wheel but adults probably will. York Honore gives instructions for making an inexpensive wheel and others suggest the conversion

of an old discarded sewing machine into a treadle wheel. Any good craftsman could do this.

The question is often asked: "How can we afford to use clay in art work?" Perhaps the question should be: "How can we afford NOT to use it?"

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED in learning more about pottery from printed sources, the following books are of great value:

- Kenny, John, *The Complete Book of Pottery Making*, Greenberg, N. Y.
 Binns, C. F., *The Potters Craft*, D. Van Nostrand Co., Inc., N.Y.
 Honoré, York, *Pottery Making from the Ground Up*, Viking Press, N.Y.
 D'Amico, Victor, *How to Make Pottery and Ceramic Sculpture*,
 International Textbook Company, Scranton, Pa.
 Newkirk, Louis V., *Integrated Handwork for Elementary Schools*,
 Silver Burdett Co., N.Y.
 Dougherty, John W., *Pottery Made Easy*, Bruce Pub. Co., N. Y.



GAMES FROM OTHER LANDS

Every authentic folk tradition produces songs, and dances, and carvings, and a multitude of other forms that express the individual genius of that culture. These local products have been scattered across the world in our day as we have come to recognize their value, and our own culture has been enriched. The game and music below are a sample of this enriching process.

This game was originally published in the Girl Scout Leader and is used here with their permission.

THE MAORI STICK GAME

The Maori people of New Zealand are a tall, brown, wavy-haired group closely related to the Hawaiians. They are noted for their highly developed folk arts, including woodcarving and rhythmic games such as the one explained below.

The one requisite for the game is a pair of smooth sticks that are straight, one to one-and-a-half inches in diameter, and from twelve to eighteen inches long. Both players should have sticks of approximately the same size.

There are five basic movements:

CLAP - Hit own sticks together, upright.

TAP - Hit tip ends of sticks on floor, one at each side of player.

DRUM - Hit sticks on floor beyond the knee, holding them the way a drummer holds a drumstick.

FLIP - Toss sticks in air, turning them once, and catch other end.

THROW - Throw stick to partner with an upward motion so that the stick drops into his hand easily. The sticks are thrown gently in a vertical position.

Claps, taps, flips, and drums are done with both hands at the same time. Both players do the same thing. Throws are done with either the right (R), or left (L) hand, or as doubles (D) with both hands.

TITI - TOREA

A

E PA-PA WAI-A-AI TA-KU NEI

MA-HI TA-KU NEI MA-HI-HE TU-KU ROI-

B

MA-TA TU-KU ROI-MA-TA E AU-e e KA'ARE AU,

C

E HI-NE HO-KI I-HO AA-... MA-KU e

KAU-TE-O HI-KOI TA-NGA MA-KU e

KAU-TE-O HI-KOI TA-NGA TA-NGA

(ADAPTED FROM THE ARRANGEMENT BY HEMI PIRIPATA, BY PERMISSION OF
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Players kneel, sitting back on their heels, facing each other, their knees about a foot apart. In throwing sticks to his partner, each player must throw his stick straight across, so that the two sticks do not collide in mid-air. Thus in a right throw, player A must throw straight across from his right, and player B would throw straight across from his own right. On the double throw, one player must throw both of his sticks in the center while the other player throws his outside. They decide beforehand who throws to the center.

The patterns for five routines are given below, using the terms that have been defined. Once you have mastered these basic movements, then it is fun to make up your own routines.

MUSIC A

1. tap, clap, R throw, } 8 times
tap, clap, L throw. }

MUSIC A or C

2. tap, clap, D throw (16 times)
3. drum R, flip, clap, } 8 times
drum L, flip, clap. }
4. drum, flip, R throw, } 8 times
drum, flip, L throw. }

MUSIC B (chorus)

tap, clap, clap (Repeat to end.)

Titi-Torea is one of the songs the Maori sing with their stick games. In music A, the main tune is carried by the lower notes and the harmony is indicated by the notes above. In music B and C, the top notes carry the tunes.

Maori vowels are pronounced like Latin vowels: *a* as in *father*, *e* as in *they*, *i* as in *machine*, *o* as in *hope*, *u* as in *ruby*.



Healing on Hollybush

*Discouraged about humanity?
Then read this inspiring story
of how two girls are bringing
better health facilities to
an isolated area of the mount-
ains.*

PIONEERING IN 1954? Sounds a little odd, but don't make up your mind until you've met Ivallean Caudill and Evelyn Mottram. They don't go out with pole axes to clear the forest, and they drive a jeep rather than a covered wagon, but they are in the frontier tradition, bringing medical care to hundreds of mothers and their children in isolated sections of Knott County, Kentucky.

Ivallean and Evelyn have that particular brand of sublime foolishness which makes the pure in heart set out on impossible tasks—and accomplish them.

Both girls are nurses, but their profession was all that linked them together at first—that and a desire to see that children have an opportunity to grow up strong and well. Ivallean is a mountain girl who grew up on Hollybush Creek, in one of the more isolated parts of Knott County. After attending Caney Junior College at near-by Pippipass, and graduating from the Berea School of Nursing, she studied midwifery with the Frontier Nursing Service. There she met Evelyn, a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., who had trained in a great city hospital, St. Johns, in her native borough.

Despite their great difference in background, the girls teamed up as a working unit and decided to establish a midwifery clinic in Pippipass.

It is not hard to see why they picked the particular area to concentrate their work. Half of the people in the county still live in areas so isolated that ordinary medical services are out of the question. There are only three doctors in the county, with only two being available for calls.

Although the primary purpose in setting up the Charlene Rector Clinic, as they called their center, was to provide pre-natal and delivery care for expectant mothers, the girls have been forced to

expand their services to cover a variety of needs that are going unmet.

Ivallean now works half-time as one of the county health nurses in Knott County, and the two girls take their jeep all over the county visiting schools and carrying on health work. In the more than 40 rural schools that they visit the nurses give immunizations, test eyes and ears, give TB tests, and perform the other services that are needed.

The workers are made constantly aware of the many needs of children in the remote areas: dental care, uncontaminated water, better sanitation and nutrition, intestinal parasite control, and corrective treatments.

Among younger children they have discovered that a danger stage is often reached in the second year. During the first year most of the children are breast fed, and so they receive fairly adequate nutrition, but during the second year they often do not eat the right kinds of foods and they suffer because of it.

Lack of understanding among both the children and adults handicaps their work also. Many of the older people still want to depend entirely on herbs and home remedies, while others object to any medicine on religious grounds. Some of the children object to taking the small pox vaccination because "Maw told me my arm would rot off with it."

Most of the rural people who live in isolated places are happy to have this new medical service, however, and a great majority accept it gladly. Younger women, for example, constantly seek help in family planning.

Support for the clinic comes from several sources including Delta Theta Tau Sorority, Sigma Phi Gamma Sorority, the Mountain Maternal Health League, and the \$25 fee that is charged all mothers who can afford it for pre-natal and delivery care.

When these two nurses talk about the unmet needs still existing among the mothers and children of the county, you realize that lesser souls would give up and quietly slip into the routine of a hospital or doctor's office. Not Ivallean and Evelyn. They pick up their black kits, jump into their jeep, and are off over the hill in a cloud of dust to fight disease and pain at the bedside where a new and better life is being born with the birth of every new mountain baby. #####



entirely a misnomer, for the Eastern Kentuckian is unlike him in the way he earns a living, the way in which and where he lives and a dozen different other ways.

The true mountaineer lives at the head of a hollow in a log house, not cabin, built flush with the steep hill on the back side and with long, pole-like field stones supporting it on the front.

He may have his cabin wired for electricity; otherwise, it is lighted with kerosene lamps.

He will warm himself in winter in front of a large stone fire-place or before the wood-burning cookstove in the kitchen.

He will prize his steep, scraggly land as highly as any Bluegrass land baron prizes his show farm.

He will have a log barn half-way up the hillside for his mule--which he uses for both work and transportation--and his cow.

He will have a large flock of chickens.

He will have fruit trees, not in an orchard but scattered all about the house and down the hollow.

He will have patches of corn growing in the tree-lined clearings that are scattered about the hillsides.

He will grow or take from the thin soil everything he eats except for a few items like salt and coffee.

He will grow and grind his own sorghum cane and he will keep a row of bee-gums behind the house to provide honey--his substitute for sugar.

He will have a large garden plot near the house and in it he will grow everything from peppers to pumpkins.

He will have a cellar cut into the hillsides under the back of his house and he will keep this filled with hundreds of jars of fruits and vegetables, all of which he has grown or picked wild in the mountains.

He will have a spring of water that gurgles through a crack in the rocky hill towering up behind the house.

He will have a "coal spring" down in the hollow and from this he will dig the coal he needs for the winter months.

He seldom visits farther than five miles from home, not because he is antisocial but because travel in his world is difficult indeed.

He spends most of his time working his farm, but he occasionally works for an outsider or cuts a few trees to sell to the sawmills to get the "cash money" needed for clothing and the few staples he buys.

He is religious, but not overly demonstrative about it.

He will, if you are with someone he knows and likes, ask you in to "set a spell."

He will be friendly and courteous and talk freely and show you pictures of his sons and daughters who now live in Dayton or Lexington or who serve in the Army.

He does not attempt to pass off his lack of education, "book larning," he says, by calling attention to the so-called pure Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins.

He never has feuded, although he recalls the old days of the family wars.

He does not strum a dulcimer or sing songs that his ancestors are supposed to have brought with them from Elizabethan England.

He points out to you the little family graveyard high on the mountain top where his father and his father's father are buried.

He will, when you leave, insist you take along a pocketful of dried apples or peaches to munch on as you go back down the hollow.

He wears clothing that is patched but clean.

He may wear a mustache, but not the stringy, full beard as in the cartoon pictures.

He, doing so much with so very little, makes you feel ashamed of yourself for your complaining and singular lack of accomplishment.##



Publications of Value

A department devoted to current literature that is of interest to those working and living in the Southern Mountains.

THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINEER IN CINCINNATI

WE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINEERS have at last achieved the status of a "minority group"—at least in Cincinnati. The influx of mountain people into the Ohio River metropolis has raised enough interest to warrant a special workshop on the subject. Sponsored by the Mayor's Friendly Relations Committee and the Social Service Association of Greater Cincinnati, the workshop featured Dr. Roscoe Giffin as resource consultant from this area. Dr. Giffin is head of the Department of Sociology at Berea College and is the author of a series of studies that appeared in this magazine under the title, "Down in the Valley."

A report of the workshop has been issued and is called, "The Southern Mountaineer in Cincinnati." This report is based on observations made by Dr. Giffin, and on comments and suggestions from the 200 social workers, educators, personnel men, city officials, and church and civic leaders who attended the sessions last spring.

The report makes fascinating reading.

The first part of the document is a condensation of Dr. Giffin's speech delineating some of the differing cultural patterns that mountain people bring into a city situation. Based on sound sociological research, the report is very readable and down-to-earth.

Included in the middle section of the report are remarks made by members of the workshop. These quotations are highly significant since they give us a picture of what the people in Cincinnati who are directly concerned with the Southern Mountaineer think about him. The fact that different members of the workshop had almost directly opposite points of view adds another dimension to the problem of the southerner in the northern city. Depending on chance contact, the immigrant may either be accepted and helped, or rejected and hurt.

It is interesting, for example, to see the difference in statements made by two personnel men with long experience in industry. In a discussion session one said:

"They come to the personnel office in blue jeans, muddy shoes, and ask if you are 'hiring any hands.' They work for a day or two and you see them no more. They seem to do everything wrong because of lack of training and poor physical stamina; they are not used to strong competitive rivalry like we are—can't take the pace."

On the other hand, another personnel worker remarked:

"We began employing Kentucky mountain people years ago before technical advances. These people worked well and are still employed. . . . These men qualified for the work because they were big and strong and put up with severe working conditions. Now the industry is mechanized, but these men have been able to learn to operate the complex mechanical and chemical equipment, often better than the more educated persons who supervise the machinery. Failures of locally born persons are as much as those of people from Kentucky and Tennessee. . . . The company tries to hire family groups and fill openings with relatives."

In dealing with housing, a social worker said:

"They present two problems: (1) Overcrowding. Ten or 12 live in two or three rooms. There is no other place for them to go. Public housing is unable to take care of families of more than eight people. (2) Destruction of property. They let the children run wild. They do damage with the knowledge and consent of their parents."

Another social worker testified:

"There are different types of mountain people. Some don't want modern facilities—if they have a bathtub they won't use it. Others, no matter where they live—in modern public housing or in the slums on Front Street—their apartment is going to look clean and tidy."

The document ends with a commentary by Dr. Giffin on the reports from the discussion sessions. In some ways this is the most significant part of the report for it provides a guide to those workers in the Southern Mountains who are concerned about preparing our young people and adults for their venture into the "north." Pointing out numerous areas in which mountain ways are different from those in Cincinnati, Dr. Giffin writes:

"As a whole the Southern Mountaineer comes north ill-prepared for urban living. The discussion record shows that in such basic and seemingly simple matters as applying for a job, the language and dress are not in keeping with urban standards. Because of poor schooling, children often give the appearance of being retarded for reasons of biology. The urban accent on elegant housing and the maintenance of rental property finds no responsive

chord in the experience background of most of the mountain people.

"The religious patterns of the mountains certainly do not prepare our mountain people for the formality and organization of a city church. And so we find church workers pointing to the difficulty of attracting the older persons in particular into church programs. The emphasis of urban middle-class, Protestant churches on group activities, social concerns, and a community and world outreach is almost wholly unknown in the mountain church where religion is a matter of personal salvation and church attendance is a major source of socializing and recreation. "

Copies of this 52 page booklet are available at 20¢ each from the Council office. Stamps or coins are acceptable. Ask for "The Southern Mountaineer in Cincinnati." #####

Mrs. Campbell Dies

OLIVE DAME CAMPBELL, wife of the late John C. Campbell, died Monday, June 14, at 9 Hastings Lane, West Medford, Mass. Funeral services were held in her home on Wednesday, June 16, and on Sunday, June 27, friends gathered at the John C. Campbell Folk School for a memorial service. Those who have known of the great contributions she has made to the Southern Highlands will be glad to hear that the next issue of this magazine will be dedicated to her memory. #####



Appalachia:

ZOO WITHOUT BARS



RURAL COMMUNITIES in the Southern Highlands may seem to be far removed from any zoo, but many of them are actually part of a zoological park, the Southern Appalachians.

Although many of the animals to be found in the mountains are "common" to us, they would seem highly exotic to dwellers in other lands. If we look at them with new eyes, we can see that even the most abundant species are full of interest.

Teachers, Scout leaders and recreational workers can all use the animals that abound in the mountains as living tools in their work. Teachers need not regret that their students cannot visit a city zoo, if they are willing to show their pupils the wonders of the "zoo without bars" that surrounds them.

The animals shown in the following pictures are by no means the only ones that live in the mountains, but are simply a representative selection. If you are in doubt about the ones in your locality, talk with your local hunter and woodsman. There is at least one in every community. Consult your district forester. He will be able to tell you about the animals over a wide area. And good hunting...!

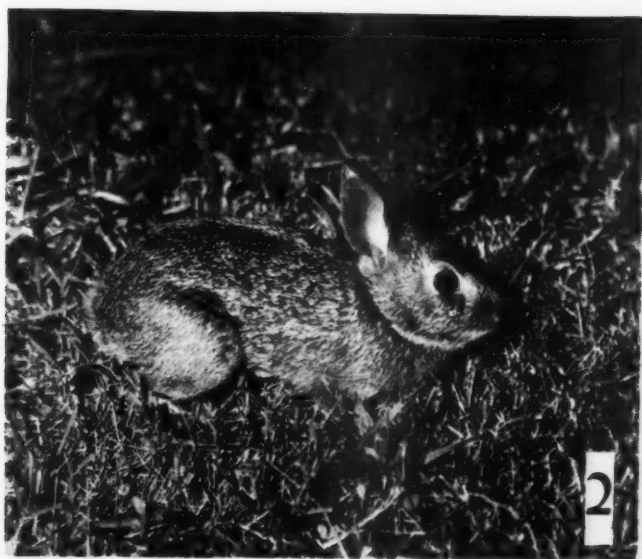
WHO'S WHO IN THE PICTURES

Whether you are reading children a story or walking through the woods, it is difficult to go far without encountering a squirrel or a rabbit (1 & 2). The squirrel domesticates easily when caught as a baby, and many country boys keep them for pets.

The skunk (3), or pole cat as he is more often known, is not recommended for close study, but he is a beautiful animal and makes a wonderful pet if he is "denatured" while young.

"Little bear and big bear" the racoon and the black bear might be called (4 & 5). The 'coon is more apt to be found in the lowlands, while the black bear seldom wanders far out of the cool dampness of the Great Smokies.

Deer are once more becoming a part of our living wildlife heritage. Somehow, the return of the deer personifies the healing of the land.(6)



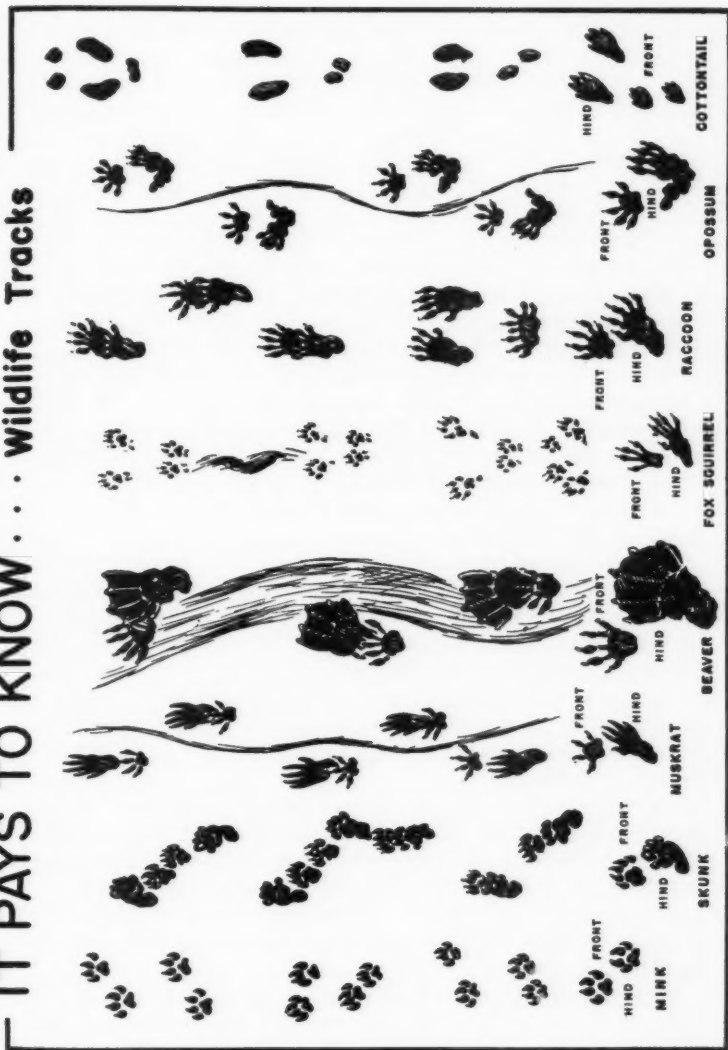






6

IT PAYS TO KNOW . . . Wildlife Tracks



—Reprinted from Outdoor Nebraska

"THIS IS MY BEST" A regular feature in which we present the best work of some artist or craftsman living in the Southern Mountains. This time we have chosen a writer...

James Still

YOU WILL NEVER FIND an ounce of fat in any story by James Still. Every sentence he writes is tight and firm. He is a master craftsman with words. "Such was the tribute once paid the author of Hounds On The Mountain, River of Earth, and On Troublesome Creek, by fellow-writer Jesse Stuart.

Stuart is not alone in his praise of Still, for he has received a wide recognition through the years for his poignant short stories and poems dealing with mountain life. In 1947 he received the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the National Institute of Arts and Letters awards. The O. Henry Memorial prize for a short story went to Still in 1939, and the Southern Authors' award in 1940.

Stories, most of which originally appeared in "quality" magazines, were reprinted in the O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories in 1937, '38, '39, and '41, and in Best American Short Stories in 1946, '50, and '52. He has twice held a Guggenheim fellowship.

It is not surprising that these honors have come to Still, for his stories are among the finest being written in America today. Growing up in rural Alabama, he first turned his eyes to the mountains when he chose Lincoln Memorial University for his undergraduate work.

His two great loves are books and people, and he has been able to satisfy both of these in and around Hindman Settlement School, Hindman, Kentucky. He lives and writes as a next-door-neighbor to Jethro Amburgy, the dulcimer-maker, on Wolfpen Creek, several miles out of Hindman. As head of the library at Hindman he is able to pass along his love of books to youngsters in the Settlement School.

Well-meaning friends who think an author ought to be "different" have sought to throw a cloak of distinction about him, picturing James as the retiring recluse who shuns all contact with the outside world. A perfectly normal personality pattern has been blown up into an "artistic temperament." What you see when

you meet him is an easy-going and soft-spoken countryman who values the ways of his own people and who never calls attention to himself. His voice seldom is raised, but his smile is always on the point of flashing wide in a salute of friendliness.

Somehow this does not fit the picture of what some of his admirers think a nationally honored author ought to be, so statements are often made that "James doesn't like visitors," or that he "won't talk to groups," or that he "absolutely refuses to have his picture taken." The truth is that he is not concerned about seeking publicity, and he shares the general mountain feeling against "showing off." He is more concerned about writing the best short stories that it is possible for him to write than he is about being an "Author," and he is more interested in writing poetry than he is in being a "Poet." And it is this very quality of unaffected normality that makes him the writer he is.

Still is certainly no recluse. He holds degrees from Vanderbilt, and from the University of Illinois. During the war he served with the Army Air Force and spent nearly three years in Africa and the Near East. He fell in love with the Gold Coast and left a bit of his heart there when the war was over.

He is especially interested in beginning writers who show promise, and for the past three summers has been a mainstay on the staff of the Writers' Workshop at Morehead State College.

Speaking of his experience at the Workshop, he has said: "I find two recurring problems with those who say they want to write. The first is that many of them are not interested in reading. If they cannot read and love the finest of what others have written, how can they expect to write anything of worth themselves?"

"The second shortcoming is that those who want to be writers aren't willing to write. They don't set aside even a fraction of their day for practicing their craft. There is no escaping it: the person who wants to be a writer must write—regularly and continually."

When we asked James to pick out his best short story, he unhesitatingly chose "Mrs. Razor," which appeared originally in THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, and which has been reprinted in other publications since. Expressing his feelings about the story, he said: "When I go back over my stories, I always find words and sentences I would like to change. 'Mrs. Razor' is different. The story still satisfies me and I have never had any urge to change a word of it."

The following story is reprinted by the kind permission of the Atlantic Monthly Publishing Co., and is copyrighted by them.

Mrs. Razor

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JAMES STILL

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"WE'LL HAVE to do something about that child," Father said. We sat in the kitchen, eating our supper, though day held and the chickens had not yet gone to roost in the gilly trees. Elvy was crying behind the stove, and her throat was raw with sobbing. Morg and I paused, bread in hand, and glanced over our shoulders. The firebox of the Cincinnati stove winked, the iron flowers of the oven throbbed with heat. Mother tipped a finger to her lips, motioning Father to hush. Father's voice lifted, "I figure a small thrashing would make her leave off this foolish notion."

Elvy was six years old. She was married, to hear her tell it, and had three children and a lazy shuck of a husband who cared not a mite for his own and left his family to live upon her kin. The thought had grown into truth in her mind. I could play at being Brother Hemp Leckett, climb onto a chopblock and preach to the fowls; or I could be Round George Harks, riding the creeks, killing all who crossed my path; I could be any man body. Morg couldn't make-believe; he was just Morg. But Elvy had imagined herself old and thrown away by a husband, and she kept believing.

"A day will come," Elvy told us, "when my man's going to get killed down dead, the way he's living." She spoke hard of her husband and was a shrew of a wife who thought only of her children; she was as busy with her young as a hen with biddies. It was a dog's life she led, washing rags of cloths, sewing with a straw for needle, singing by the half hour to cradled arms, and keeping an eye sharp for gypsies. She jerked at loose garments and fastened and pinned, as Mother did to us.

Once we spied her in the grape arbor making to put a jacket on a baby that wouldn't hold still. She slapped the air, saying, "Hold up, young'un!" Morg stared, half believing. Later she claimed her children were stolen. It wasn't by the dark people. Her husband had taken them— she didn't know where. For days she sat pale and small, minced her victuals, and fretted in her sleep. She had wept, "My man's the meanest critter ever was. Old Scratch is bound to get him."

And now Elvy's husband was dead. She had run to Mother to tell this thing, the news having come in an unknown way. She waited dry-eyed and shocked until Father rode in from the fields in middle afternoon and she met him at the barn gate to choke out her loss. "We've got to haste to Biggety Creek and fetch my chaps ere the gypsies come," she grieved. "They're left alone."

"Doornail head?" Father had asked, smiling to hear Biggety Creek named, the Nowhere Place he had told us of once at table: Biggety Creek where heads are the size of water buckets, where noses are turned up like old shoes, women wear skillets for hats, and men screw their breeches on, and where people are so proper they eat with little fingers pointing, and one pea at a time. Father rarely missed a chance to preach us a sermon.

"We've got to haste," Elvy pled.

"Do you know the road to Biggety Creek?"

Elvy nodded.

Father keened his eyes to see what manner of chap was his own, his face lengthening and his patience wearing thin. He grabbed his hat off and clapped it angrily against his leg; he strode into the barn, fed the mules, and came to the house with Elvy tagging after and weeping. "Fix an early supper," he told Mother.

Father's jaws were set as he drew his chair to the table. The day was still so bright the wall bore a shadow of the unkindled lamp. Elvy had hidden behind the stove, lying on the cat's pallet, crying. "Come and eat your victuals," mother begged, for her idea was to humor children and let them grow out of their notions. But Elvy would not.

We knew Father's hand itched for a hickory switch. Disobedience angered him quicker than anything. Yet he only looked worried. The summer long he had teased Elvy, trying to shake her belief. Once while shaving he had asked, "What ever made you marry that lump of a husband, won't come home, never furnishes a cent?" Morg and I stood by to spread the leftover lather on our faces and scrape it off with a kitchen knife. "I say

it's past strange I've not met my own son-in-law. I hunger to shake his hand and welcome him to the family, ask him to sit down to our board and stick his feet under."

Father had glanced slyly at Elvy. "What's his name? Upon my honor I haven't been told."

Elvy looked up. Her eyes glassed in thought. "He's called Razor."

"Given name or family?"

"Just Razor."

"Ask him to come," Father urged in mock seriousness. "Invite him up for Sunday dinner."

Elvy had promised that her husband would come. She had mother fry a chicken, the dish he liked best, claiming the gizzard was his chosen morsel. Nothing less than the flax tablecloth was good enough, and she gathered spiderwort blossoms for the centerpiece. An extra chair was placed, and we waited; we waited noon through, until one o'clock. Then she told us confidentially, "Go ahead and eat. Razor allus was slow as Jim Christmas." She carried a bowl of soup behind the Cincinnati stove to feed her children. In the evening she explained, "I've learnt why my man stayed away. He hain't got a red cent to his pocket and he's scared o' being lawed for not supporting his chaps."

Father had replied, "I need help—need a workhand to grub corn ground. A dollar a day I'll pay, greenback on the barrel top. I want a feller with lard in his elbows and willing to work. Fighting sourwood sprouts is like going to war. If Razor has got the measure of the job, I'll hire him and promise not to law."

"I ought never to a—took him for a husband," Elvy confessed. "When first I married he was smart as ants. Now he's turned so lazy he won't even fasten his gallus buckles. He's slouchy and no 'count."

"Humm," Father had grunted, eying Morg and me, the way our clothes hung on us. "Sloth works on a feller," he preached. "It grows roots. He'll start letting his sleeves flare and his shirttail go hang. One day he gets too sorry to bend and lace his shoes, and it's a 'swarp, swarp' every step. A time comes he'll not latch the top button of his breeches—ah, when a man turns his potty out, he's beyond cure."

"That's Razor all over," Elvy had said.

Father's teasing had done no good. As we sat at supper that late afternoon, listening to Elvy sob behind the stove, Morg began to stare into his plate and could eat no more. He believed

Elvy. Tears hung on his chin. Father's face tightened, half in anger, half in dismay. He lifted his hands in defeat. "Hell's bangers!" he blurted.

I whispered to Morg, "Razor is a lie-tale." Morg's tears fell thicker. I spoke small into his ear, "Act it's not so," but Morg could never make-like.

Father suddenly thrust back his chair. "Hurry and get ready," he ordered, "the whole push of you. We're going to Biggety Creek." His voice was as dry as a stick. Elvy's sobbing hushed. Morg blinked. The room became so quiet I could hear flames eating wood in the firebox. Father arose and made long-legged strides toward the barn to harness the mules.

We mounted the wagon, Father and Mother to the spring seat, Elvy settling between; I stood with Morg behind the seat. Dusk was creeping out of the hollows. Chickens walked toward the gilly trees, flew to their roosts, sleepy and quarrelsome. Father gathered the reins and angled the whip to start the mules. "Now, which way?" he asked Elvy. She pointed ahead and we rode off.

The light faded. Night came. The shapes of trees and fences were lost and there were only the wise eyes of the mules to pick the road when the ground had melted and the sky was gone. Elvy nodded fitfully, trying to keep awake. We traveled six miles before Father turned back. #####



ANNOUNCING

Revised Edition of

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PENLAND SCHOOL OF HANDICRAFTS

Penland, North Carolina



No, the headline below did not escape from a typesetter's nightmare. It's Danish for junk playground, and it represents a new realization that children love to play with things they can move, and manipulate, and tear up, and rebuild. The author gathered material for this article while studying in Denmark two years ago.

Skrammellegepladsen

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HOWARD DENE SOUTHWOOD

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ONE OF THE MOST CREATIVE playground ideas in Denmark is that of the skrammellegepladsen, the "junk playground." Junk playgrounds are just what the name implies—no fine and fancy see-saws and swings, no factory-made mechanical toys and sliding boards—instead, perhaps a pile of bricks, plenty of loose lumber, some larger storm sewer pipes, wheelbarrows, hammers, trowels, and even an old model-T Ford over in the corner somewhere.

About ten years ago some educators and psychologists conceived the idea of the junk playground as a place where play could be a simple pleasure stressing process, and yet a place where children could build houses, dig tunnels, and erect towers, thereby finding an outlet for their constructive energies.

Parents were allowed to come with their children and rummage and play among the junk, getting dirty together and not being afraid or frustrated about damaging or destroying the equipment so long as they had fun and gave vent to their creative and constructive abilities.

The old car is always a favorite piece of equipment in the junk playground, for Denmark is a country where most of the people ride bicycles and many young people have no opportunity to "get behind the wheel" of a real automobile. There are no automobile "graveyards" such as blot the countryside in the United States.

The junk playground can offer, at small expense, a wide variety

of activities so that children can pick and choose, select and reject. Little direction is necessary and it has proved best just to place the different offerings where the children can get to them. They usually go to the playwork with energy and happiness, for the junk playground seems to have contact with "the play place within themselves."

Generally, the children seem just to wander about at first, perhaps a little too careful with the junk as if afraid of breaking or destroying something. Then, suddenly, as if by surprise and moved from within, they create activities which are meaningful to themselves, some working alone at first or always, other working together from the start.

At the beginning of these new playgrounds there was considerable concern lest their freedom nourish destructive qualities in the young children, but this has not been the case at all. In this free and easy environment they mature socially and democratically and, instead of destroying or breaking up the junk equipment, they use it in various ingenious ways to build and create, both individually and collectively. The consensus of those who have worked with recreation is that the junk playground has many fine features too often ignored: its inexpensiveness, its freedom, its creative challenges to individuals and groups, the ease with which it can be set up, and the obvious fact that children love it because it is near "the play place within themselves."#####



Building in the "junk playground", with teachers to observe and help

THIS SHORT and perhaps imperfect folktale is the only version that I have collected, or even known of in America. It is also about the best and most concise example of a peculiar power of witches known as *Murder by Sympathetic Magic* (Motif D2061.2.2). The twelve year old girl who told it, Margie Day, Leslie County, Kentucky, seemed not to be aware of the force and malignant power motivating her story.

THE CANDY DOLL



ONE TIME THERE was an old man, an old woman and a little girl. This woman she died and left the little girl with this man. He wouldn't her daddy and was mean to her. This little girl cried all the time cause she had to do everything. The man would go out and work and leave her there to do the work. She had to wash the dishes, make up the beds, and do everything around the house.

One day her stepfather said, "Now little girl, I'll be gone all day," said, "you got to scrub and make the beds up and do everything right today."

And she said, "Well," and said, "can I go over yonder to that witch's house and stay awhile?"

He said, "That old witch might do something bad to you." Said, "Don't you go over there!"

She said, "Daddy, I won't."

Afterwhile she got the scrubbing and everything done and she decided she'd go over there and not let the man know nary thing about it. So she went over there and set down at the old witch's door and sorter studied about it and finally she decided to knock on the door. And the old witch took her in and she stayed about all day. When she got ready to leave that old witch give her a candy doll. The little girl was pleased to death to get a doll to play with. But that old witch said, "Now honey, it is made out of candy, and you take it over there and eat it."

She said, "No." Said, "I want it for a doll to play with. I hain't got nary thing to play with. I have to do everything in my house and I don't never get time to play." Said, "I just want to set it up and look at it."

Well, the witch let her take it anyway, and she took it and

went home. And that night her daddy found out she went over to the old witch's so he wouldn't let her eat at all. Well, she went upstairs and went to bed and cried and cried and cried. After while she went over to her doll and she said, "Little doll," said, "can I have a bite off your little arm?" And the little doll never said nothing, just set there. And she said, "I believe I'll take a bite."

She took a bite. That old man was out in his yard chopping wood. The little girl hadn't got in the wood, she'd just forgot it. He was out there chopping wood, and when she took a bite off her doll's arm the man jumped like he was hurt. He come a-runnin, calling for her, said his arm was cut off. The little girl heard him and didn't know what was wrong. Thought he was watching her and would come up there and see her doll and take it away from her. She said, "Little doll, can I have a big bite off of your head?"

The little doll just set there, and she took a bite right out of the little doll's head. And that ax the man had in his hand swung around as he run through the house and chopped his head off. The old man died and the witch come over after that. She got the house and land and lived there and the little girl lived with her forever.####

HATS OFF!!

Mrs. G. Turner, Toccoa, Georgia, is a lady who believes in the future of our mountain region. Aware that her 40-acre farm on the North Fork Broad River Watershed had all but vanished down the creek, Mrs. Turner started planting pine trees. Despite her 72 years, she has already planted over 5,000 seedlings on the gullied areas.

Not satisfied with just planting trees, Mrs. Turner is concerned with protecting them as well. When a fire broke out recently in a nearby field she and her son beat it out before it could do any damage to her pine stand.

She is one of many farmers in the mountain area who have recognized the value of trees in healing destroyed fields. The U. S. Forestry Service is furnishing the necessary trees for the tree-planting program.

Wanted!

COMMUNITY PROPHETS

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HAROLD F. KAUFMAN

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Just as the prophets of the Old Testament spoke to the religious community of Israel, the modern prophet must speak to the whole community in Modern America, according to Dr. Kaufman.

The author is head of the Division of Sociology and Rural Life at Mississippi State College. This article is drawn from a speech made at a rural community and church conference at the University of Kentucky, Lexington.



THE POPULAR NOTION OF A PROPHET is that of a bearded man clothed in skins and staff in hand, standing on the side of a hill, denouncing the sins of the city below and foretelling the doom to come.

But this quaint figure had a very significant and dynamic relationship to his society. Let us see what it is and what were his qualities? Are they needed today?

- (1) The prophet had an aloofness and detachment from the present social scene. He was able to evaluate it — to judge it, and found that what existed was not good enough.
- (2) The prophet knew where he was going. He possessed loyalty to a cause, courage and a sense of responsibility.
- (3) He had some knowledge and skill in realizing his objectives.

Both the religious emphasis on fellowship and the sociological emphasis on area are necessary for an adequate definition of community. The essence of community is the sharing of the many aspects of living with others residing in the same area.

The community prophet realizes that the building of community is one of the great social and religious needs of our day. To him it is a moral imperative.

The community prophet is acutely aware that the situation today is not good enough. In fact, the forces causing the decline of the community for the past two centuries or more, are now intensified. Robert Nisbet in his Quest for Community states that one of the most important social facts in our world today is the growing concentration of power in the "sovereign political state." The state has taken up the vacuum created by the decline

of religious, kinship, and locality groups. The decline of these groups — of community— has made ours an age of "frustration, anxiety, insecurity, disintegration, instability breakdown, and collapse."

Baker Brownell in his Human Community finds a similar situation. A major source of the difficulty is centralization accompanied by specialization. Says Brownell, "This public and private tendency toward indiscriminate centralization and mass control of life in fields of economics, corporative industry, technology, art, religion, politics, recreation, education, agriculture, and human affairs in general may well be a tendency toward death."

For the continuation of this situation Brownell places the major share of the responsibility on the "educated" who include "almost all professionally trained men and women, college professors, upper-bracket educators and businessmen, generals, scientists, bankers, bureaucrats, executives, salesmen, advertising men, big-time publicists, professional artists and promoters, most of the political leaders, and indeed all those most deeply involved by training and by pecuniary and professional interest in the ideology of what is called the modern system."

Yes, our community prophet has sufficient detachment from the present social scene so that he can see it for what it is. But he is not defeated by it; he knows a way out; he answers the call of the moral imperative to build community. He realizes the truth in Emil Brunner's statement that the Christian ethic is a personal ethic and must be realized in person-to-person relationships and groups — in the small community. Our community prophet also agrees with Reinhold Niebuhr and others that the tremendous concentration of power in the mass society (as contrasted with decentralization in many small communities) is a great source of evil in our day.

There is a moral imperative for building community which provides a situation for the development of whole persons, a basis for democratic freedom and order, and the person-to-person relationships which are necessary for the expression of Christian love.

Our community prophet is not only able to judge the present situation and possesses loyalty to a cause which points the way out, but he also has some knowledge and skill in realizing the necessary objectives. He is interested in developing a strategy for creating community.

In a limited space we can make suggestions only, with respect to the role of the church. The church may be in the community but not of it. Our prophet is aware of the traditional ways in which Christians have attempted to relate themselves to the community and the outside world. They have attempted to withdraw, to become a partisan in the social struggle or to follow a double standard of conduct — one for personal and another for public life.

It is realized that the church serves the community only through persons with strong, personal Christian commitments. The commitment gives direction but action must have content. Thus our prophet proposes that Christian social education is a central function of the church in serving the community.

Christian Social Education. This involves teaching Christians ideals or values, evaluating existing institutions and programs in light of these goals, and suggesting the general direction toward which Christians should work in community reconstruction. This teaching should be done both in season and out of season and through every medium at the church's command. When a church carries on this program vigorously it becomes, as it should ever be, the conscience of the community.

Social cleavages of various types, although generally not as sharp as in urban life, are common in town and country communities. These often result either in latent hostility or in open conflict. The church in carrying out its function of social education has a ministry of reconciliation to perform. It can insist that all the facts be openly presented and that an attitude of tolerance and fair play be maintained in making a judgment from them.

Christian social education would be sterile unless it resulted in action. Three avenues for action are suggested: (1) action within the church itself, (2) action of Christians in the community, and (3) action involving the organized church within the community.

A Model of Christian Organization. A most important function that the church can perform is to set an example of Christian organization. It is well recognized that example is at least equally as valuable as preachment. Among other things this task is to mitigate and wipe out as completely as possible the tensions and cleavages which the church frequently tolerates from its community. Another objective should be to get widespread participation of the membership in conducting the religious organization.

Action of Christians in the Community. The greatest force for making the community more Christian is the Christ-like actions of men and women in their everyday activities on the farm, at the

store, in the courthouse. They have the challenge of bearing the Christian witness in the many community activities in which they participate, and of organizing for specific social action with like-minded folk.

Action Involving the Organized Church. Direct community action by the church presents it with the neat problem of "being in the world but not of it." If a church does not orient its members toward some type of community service its preachments may prove sterile. On the other hand, if it supports a specific policy or program, it may become a partisan participant among pressure groups. A fine balance must be maintained here for which there is no ready-made formula.

Some have sought a solution to this problem by organizing groups of church people to deal with specific social questions and to sponsor projects of an educational, welfare, or economic nature. These action groups have little or no official contact with the organized church itself.

Churchmen as a body of believers seeking the Will of God need somehow to keep this phase of their lives distinct from that in which they take social action and render community service. Only in this way can the church render its prophetic function of judging the community and at the same time supply needed service. #####

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Write Burton Rogers, Pine Mountain Settlement School,
Pine Mountain, Kentucky

TIDES TO BE TAMED

MANY OF THE LARGER CREEKS in the Southern Mountains will be cured of their annual spring "tides" as soon as money appropriated by Congress last fall is used to build dams on them. These creeks and small rivers drain steep watersheds that some times receive up to 60 inches of rainfall a year. Their rampages undo conservation work on individual farms and carry deadly silt into big lakes on the rivers.

The new system of dams will mean that water is controlled at its source, making it easier to build a completely integrated conservation system. Although a little precious bottom land will be lost in the backwater of these dams, the area will benefit materially in that the created lakes will maintain a constant water supply, will cut down flood damage, and will provide sporting and recreational facilities. The dams will be near enough the source of the streams so that most of the productive bottom land will not be covered by lakes.

Federal funds will be available on a matching basis for the construction of the dams. Work is starting now with the Soil Conservation Service in charge for the Department of Agriculture. Backers of the program in Congress hope that this is only the beginning of a comprehensive program of flood control on smaller streams throughout the nation. The present plan calls for 50 projects in all parts of the country.

Projects in Appalachia include:

GEORGIA: Tributaries of the Tallulah River in Habersham, Stephens and Franklin Counties. These dams will care for a watershed of 186 square miles and will be completed in four years at an estimated Federal cost of \$275,000.

KENTUCKY: Barriers will be built on the Red River in Powell, Wolfe, Estill, Menifee, Clark and Montgomery Counties on the Kentucky River watershed, draining 363 square miles. This project will be completed in six years at an estimated Federal cost of \$2,000,000.

NORTH CAROLINA: Third and Fourth Creek of the Yadkin River in Alexander, Iredell and Rowan Counties, draining 175 square miles, will be tamed in three years at an estimated Federal cost of \$375,000. ####

Staff

((((((((The Council of Southern Mountain Workers gives assistance in discovering, for institutions and programs, trained workers who have a genuine desire to serve where they are most needed. The Council also endeavors to provide the names and brief data about people who are seeking such opportunities.

Such an exchange of information about program needs and available personnel will be publicized in this magazine whenever possible, free of charge.

While the Council endeavors to use discretion in this publicity, it cannot imply more than the bare facts herein stated. Investigation of individual qualifications and evaluation of recommendations must be considered the responsibility of those who find this service of help in their search.

Some of these positions may have been filled by the time you read this, but at press time the following places were open or people were available:

STAFF MEMBERS NEEDED

HANDICRAFT TEACHER FOR TENNESSEE STATE VOCATIONAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. \$175.200 AND LIVE IN SCHOOL. EXPENSES FOR INTERVIEW. WRITE NELL FARRAR, SUPT., TULLAHOMA, TENN.

MUSIC TEACHER NEEDED WHO CAN HEAD CHORAL MUSIC PROGRAM IN PRIVATE SCHOOL. ALSO TEACH PIANO. WRITE TO THE COUNCIL.

WEAVING TEACHER NEEDED FOR STEWART HOME SCHOOL OUTSIDE FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY. WRITE JOHN D. STEWART, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY.

STAFF MEMBERS AVAILABLE

EXPERIENCED INSTRUCTOR IN THE VETERANS' FARM TRAINING PROGRAM, FARM BACKGROUND, COLLEGE TRAINING IN AGRICULTURE, A DESIRE TO WORK WHERE TRAINING AND EXPERIENCE WILL BE MOST HELPFUL. WRITE TO THE COUNCIL OFFICE.

CHINESE TEACHER WITH MANY YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN THIS COUNTRY AND IN CHINA WISHES POSITION EITHER AS TEACHER OR RESEARCH WORKER IN FIELDS OF RURAL SOCIOLOGY, GENERAL SOCIOLOGY, OR SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGY. WRITE MARTIN M. C. YANG, 139 GIRARD AVE., HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

A Note to Institution Heads: VACANCY NOTICES WILL BE LISTED FREE IN THE BULLETIN OF THE AMERICAN PERSONNEL AND GUIDANCE ASSOCIATION, INC., ON RECEIPT OF JOB DESCRIPTIONS FROM PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYERS. FORMS FOR SUCH LISTINGS MAY BE SECURED FROM THE COUNCIL OFFICE, OR FROM APGA, 1534 O STREET, N. W., WASHINGTON 5, D. C.

If you would like to subscribe to this magazine, fill in your name and address on the form below, and send with \$1.00 to the Council of Southern Mountain Workers, Box 2000, College Station, Berea, Kentucky.

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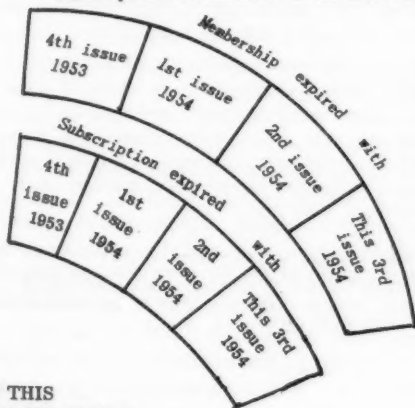
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Additional questions and comments _____

(Please detach and mail to Box 2000, Berea College, Berea, Ky.)

THE COUNCIL OF SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN WORKERS works to share the best traditions and human resources of the Appalachian Region with the rest of the nation. It also seeks to help solve some of the peculiar educational, social, spiritual and cultural needs of this mountain territory. It works through and with schools, churches, medical centers and other institutions, and by means of sincere and able individuals both within and outside the area.

--Participation is invited on the above bases--



For Members!

According to our records, your membership and/or subscription appears to have expired as indicated. We are continuing to send you current issues in the belief that you do not wish us to drop you from our membership. We would appreciate your reaffiliation upon whatever basis you wish.

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